om The Sunday Magazine "It might have been."
And tears are wild,
And anguish keen
To sorrow's child.

If hand of mine
The chalice break
That holds the wine
My thirst to slake,

In vain may age
Thy tumult chide.
Youth's storm and rage
Calm words deride.

This is the sting
In sorrow's day:
My hand did fling
My bliss away!

Again, again, With Iullabies To ease my pain.

## TOPPER.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

"Oh, he's game, miss; I don't deny but what he's game," said the wizened, gray-headed little man, who was bending down over a wirehaired fox terrier, while before them lay stretched the body of a recently deceased badger. "He'd tackle 'arf a dozen of 'em, same as yeu see him tackle this one just now, and not ask no 'elp from nobody. But that's just where 'tis, you see; we can't Go with 'em when they're so game as that. We want our foxes bolted; we don't care to have 'em killed underground; so, as his lordship was sayin' on'y yesterday, the best cure for poor Topper is a charge of shot. Oh, you're a binco.rigeable rascal, ain't you, Topper? Yes, that you are—more's the pity."

poor opinion of the fair sex. More intimate acquaintance with him rendered this peculiarity of his manifest, and from the first he treated Mrs. Lindsay, Miss Hython's aunt and resident duenna, with a distainful toleration which annoyed that lady all the more because he gave her no other cause for legitimate complaint. Hidd not destroy the furniture, nor did he beg for scraps at dinner, as the other numerous canine denizens of the house did; so that all she could hav was:

scraps at dinner, as the other numerous canned denizens of the house did; so that all she could bay was:

"Well, Alice, if two Irish terriers, a pug, a machshund and a poodle were not enough for you without this sulky little cur. I only hope your next pet will be a bulldog. Then perhaps we shall have a few desirable deaths in the family."

No deaths, desirable or otherwise, were brought about in the family by the latest addition to Miss Hylton's mixed pack. Toward dogs, as toward ladies, Topper's attitude was one of dignified reserve. On the morning after his arrival one of the Irish terriers thought fit to go for him, and was immediately dragged round and round the lawn by the root of his ear until he had had enough of it; but the peace was not again broken, and the newcomer established himself in a position of superiority upon which he did not insist, but which was tacitly conceded to him. Thenceforth his life at Combe Abbey was of a nature to content most dogs, and doubtless he wou d have been abundantly contented with it had it afforded rather more scope for the gratification of his sporting instincts. To his mistress he attached himself with unswerving fidelity, keeping a watchful eye upon all her movements, following her whereve: she went, and sleeping in her bedroom.

"But I know that in his heart he looks down upon me," she told her aunt. "He can't help thinking that I have made an unpardonable mistake in not being a man—and, indeed, I often think so myself."

"My dear," returned Mrs. Lindsay, who was a somewhat formidable-looking old personage, with a long nose and an elaborate headgear.

think so myself."

"My dear," returned Mrs. Lindsay, who was a somewhat formidable-looking old personage, with a long nose and an elaborate headgear, "you are what God made you, and what many a girl would gladly be. I do not say that your present independence is altogether salutary either for you or for the estate; but we must hope that, in the natural course of things, responsibility will be taken cut of your hands before long."

What Mrs. Lindsay meant was that she was What Mrs. Lindsay meant was that she was provided with a candidate of whom she approved for her niece's hand. Captain Leycester, to be sure, was not precisely an ideal candidate, seeing tht he was neither wealthy nor titled; still, he was a gentleman, he was well known in smart society, and he bore an excellent reputation for sober, steady habits. With a girl like Alice, who hated London, and whose fox-hunting friends were of all ranks, there was always the danger of some dreadful catastrophe occurring; so Mrs Lindsay felt that it was best to take what was obtainable and be thankful.

was best to take what was obtained; and be thankful.

Captain Leycester, who was at that time staying with his friend Jack Goodwin, a neighboring squire, rode over one afternoon to pay his respects to the ladies, and the sight of breeches and leggings was evidently a glad one to Topper, when he fellowed his mistress into the drawing-room. Wagging his tail, he at once trotted up to the tall, handsome, well-dressed stranger and instituted olfactory investigations. But these, it seemed, did not prove quite satisfactory, for he soon walked off on tiptoe, obviously saying to himself: "Dear, dear, what a disappointment!" and lay down saily at some little distance from the pair, who were exchanging greetings.

greetings.
"Another dog, Miss Hylton" was Captain Leycester's ejaculation. "Not a very amiable one, either, by the look of him."
"His temper is perfect." the girl returned, with a slight accent of displeasure, "but he doesn't like people to snap their fingers and thumbs under his nose, as you did just now. He looks upon that sort of thing as a liberty." She added, after a pause, "I got Toppe: from the kennels. They wouldn't keep him there, because he kills foxes."

e kills foxes." Captain Leycester opined that, in that case, the Captain Leycester opined that, in that case, the sooner somebody killed Topper the better it would be for the community at large; but this remark was so ill received that he hastened to make such amends as he could for it by declaring that any protege of Miss Hylton's must be regarded as privileged. He was a man of pleasant manners, who rode fairly straight to the hounds and had many tastes in common with Alice Hylton, who was not unfavorably disposed toward him. Certainly he had not as yet succeeded in inspiring her with anything resem-

bling a romantic passion, but she had reasons of her own for doubting whether any future husband of hers was likely to do that; and, sit-pated as she was, it was almost imperative upon her to marry somebody. Why not Captain Leycester?" her aunt perti-

nently inquired on the following day, and the sole reply that she had to make was the per-fectly absurd one of "Well, Topper doesn't seem to fancy him much.' What was rather more reasonable was the plea which she put forward a few days later to the effect that Captain Leycester had not asked

her vet.

"He has not asked you because you have taken very good care not to let him," Mrs. Lindsay returned severely. "You are most ingenious in the way that you manage to avoid being left alone with him for a single moment—more ingenious than fair, I must say. If you do not give him an opportunity before we go up to London next week, you will have treated him extremely hadly, in my opinion.

To that extremity of bad treatment Captain Leycester was, nevertheless, subjected by a lady who, not knowing her own mind, did not wisa to be called upon to declare it. Much as she detested a London season, that annual form of penance was as inevitable for her as other forms of penance seemed fated to be, and on this ocpenance was as inevitable for her as other forms of penance seemed fated to be, and on this occasion she was rendered a little less unwilling than usual to leave home by the assiduities of her admirer. It was true that her admirer, who was a Guardsman, would be encountered also in London; but he would be one of several admirers there, and crowls give a sense of security.

curity So Miss Hylton forsook the rural scenes which So Miss Hylton forsook the rural scenes which she loved, and Topper was left disconsolate. Every week a categorical report of the health and conduct of her four-footed friends was dispatched to her, but although Topper was favorably spoken of in the former respect, not much, unfortunately, could be said for him in the latter. For two days after his mistress's departure he had mored and refused food; but on the third he had, it appeared, resigned himself to circumstances, and had adopted habits of which it had been found impossible to break him.

the lest cure for poor Topper is a charter of shot. Oh, you're a binco-riscable rascal, ain' you, Topper? Yes, that you are—more all the proper is a charter of shot. Oh, you're a binco-riscable rascal, ain' you, Topper? Yes, that you are—more all the proper is a charter of the proper in the proper in the proper is an interest which it had been found incoestile to beers handsome and plucky little dog, who say a travelled the proper in the property of the best of the proper in the property of the property o

sort; nor could it be denied that, from Topper's point of view, that description applied to one who was an excellent all-roand sportsman and a thoroughly kind-hearted fellow. That Mr. Goodwin was neither brilliant nor rich, nor highly connected, accounted for the equanimity with which his frequent visits were tolerated by Mrs. Lindsay. With such a man Alice was in no dang rof falling in love. Moreover, if any danger of the kind had existed it must have declared itself long ago, for she had known Jack Goodwin from her child hood. For the rest, Jack was quite conscious of his own disabilities—well aware also that the lady for whom he entertained a profound and respectful admiration was in all probability destined to become the bride of his friend Leycester. Being still so undecided as to the course of a cestiny which depended solely upon herself, she might, not unnaturally, have consulted Jack before coming to a determination; but, for some reason or other, she refrained from doing so. Perhaps she felt less secure of his discretion than of Topper's; perhaps she was a little crowded by the resolute, painstaking fashion in which he seized every occasion of singing Captain Leycester's praises.

In the month of November, a few days after the opening meet of the season, the prét adant, accompanied by his faithful Goodwin, reappeared upon the scene, and it is the painful duty of the present chronicler to record that he had scarcely swallowed the cup of tean and the slice of cake offered him by Miss Hylton when he was made the victim of a very disgraceful and inhospitable cutrage. How do these deplorable episoles occur? Almost always, in the case of a sudden affray, each party concerned has his own version of the affair to give; but, of course, nothing can excure an attack upon the person of a guest; and while Captain Leycester, hastily wrapping a handker-chief around his wounded fingers, was protesting that it did not in the least matter, Topper was receiving the first sound whipping ever inflicted upon him by his mist

ceiving the first sound whipping even upon him by his mistress.
"That's the worst of fox terriers," remarked Jack Goodwin apologetically. "They don't really mean any harm, but they get excited and lose their heads, and then, when it's too late, they're

their heads, and then, when it's too late, they're awfully sorry, you know."

The crestfallen Topper, who had accepted his punishment (and a pretty severe punishment it had been, too) without once glving tongue, crawled to the side of this friend in need, and looked eloquently up into his face, as who should say, "Thank you, sir. My conduct has been abominable, I know, and I am sorry that I should have brought shame upon the house; but, when you imply that I regret having made my teeth meet in that fellow's hand, you go just a shade too far."

too far."
That such was his meaning was rendered only That such was his meaning was rendered only too apparent by his dolorous but obstinate refusal to beg Captain Leycester's pardon. He preferred to slink off in silence to the other end of the room and conceal himself under a sofa, where he remained until Miss Hylton's visitors had taken their leave. Before they did so they had been cordially invited by Mrs. Lindsay to spend the following Monday and Tugsday nights at the Abbey, in order that they might be saved the very long ride or drive to the meet which they would otherwise have had to face on the latter day.

day.
"And 1 do hope, Alice," the good lady added, "that you will have that victous and unmannerly cur of yours chained up when Captain Leycester comes again. If he were my dog he should be

poisoned at once.' poisoned at once."

Captain Leycester magnanimously declared that he was glad his late assailant did not belong to Mrs. Lindsay. "Really, I take it as rather a compliment that Topper should be so jealous of me," he said, "and we shall be friends yet, he

me. he said, and we shall be friends yet, he and I."

From beneath the sofa rose a low, dissentient growl, which passed unnoticed amid the renewed and valedictory apologies of the two ladies; but the suggested explanation was not disputed by Miss Hylton, who found in it some excuse for subsequently receiving the culprit back into favor. As for Captain Leycester, he was no sooner out of the house than he remarked to his companion: "D—n that beast!—it's my bridle hand, too! What on earth does a woman want to surround herself with such underbred brutes for?"

"Oh, come; he isn't underbred," protested Jack Goodwin, who was a scrupulously fair-minded man.

man.
"All right, he's a champion, if you like. He'll have to learn manners, though, when I become

his master."
"I suppose you will be his master some day?"
observed Jack meditatively and a little wist-

"Well, you tell me that I shall. I wish I felt as certain of her taking me as you seem to be that she will. However, I shall know more about it on Monday evening; for I'm getting rather tired of this off and on business. She must have made up her mind, one way or the other, by this time, I should think."

Captain Leycester expressed himself with a percemptoriness and a touch of acerbity which his friend did not altogether approve; but some allowance had to be made for a wounded man, and for one, too, who, to tell the truth, was not without other reasons for deeming himself illused.

"Quite natural, thank you; but are gentlemen and honest men so very rare? I thought I had proved with privilege of being acquainted with one or two besides Captain Leycester. You vourself, not to featter you too highly."

She was prevented from finishing her sentence by a little white dog with a cord round his neck, who suddenly emerged from the belt of trees besides which they were pacing, and caused her horse to plunge violently by leaping up at his nose.

"Go down, Topper, you wretch." she cried it had broken you of that horrid trick. And where have you come from, pray?"

"I believe she has made up her mind to take you, old chap," answered Jack Goodwin. "If she hasn't, it is no fault of mine, that's all I can

hasn't, it is no fault of mine, that's all I can say."

Assuredly the loyal Jack had nothing for which to reproach himself on that score, nor did Captain Leycester lack such support as the partisanship of Mrs. Lindsay and the dictates of Alice Hylton's own common-serse could afford yet the candid avowal of his sentiments and the direct question which he was enabled to address to the lady of his choice on the following Monday evening, met with a rather ambiguous reply.

"Oh, no; it isn't that I don't care enough for you," Miss Hylton assured him; "I like you quite as much as is necessary—at least, I think I do. But"—

"Well?"

"It you can prove him guilty. But what evi-

"Well?"
"You will think me an idiot, I am afraid; but I was going to say that—Topper doesn't."

As to the fact that Topper did not like Captain Leycester there could, unfortunately, be no question; whether it was or was not idiotic on Miss Hylton's part to be influenced by the likes and dislikes of a dog, her lover naturally hesitated to pronounce. He only ventured to say. "You are under the impression that his instinct has detected some latent villany in my charhas detected some latent villany in my char

"You are under the impression that his institict has detected some latent villany in year careful and occupied was she on their acter, then."

"There is no occasion to use such words as that," answered the siril, with a slightly smooth that," answered the siril, with a slightly smooth that," answered the siril, with a slightly smooth that, "and I complete the siril, which I have good deads to the submertal should like to have a liftle more time. Can you should be made to such as the wonderfully accurate. Ob, well, of course that is prospense," she added immediately in an aftered tone, "what I really mean is that I should like to have a liftle more time. Can you give me three days, or would you rather that I said no at once."

I homeome a profice of alternatives, and resolved monome a profice of alternatives, and resolved mot without an inward curse to proportion the four-footed arbiter of his destinics. Now, everybody who has studied, even superficially, the canine race must have discovered that there is investitate smallest use in paying court to them. Does are often superior should be in his which the submetal submitted to the carresses bestowed upon fine is where they differ from the human race is that, whereas flattery which we know to be interested does not altogethed displease us, it invariably arouses their contempt. Topper, therefore, submitted to the carresses bestowed upon fine is quite and thought he might as well take them when he could get them, but he could not bring himself to lick the hand which he had bitten, nor was he the dupe of advances which as he was probably aware—no self-respecting man would not again force this market of the self-and containment of the like the hand which he had bitten, nor was he the dupe of advances which has be asserted by a submitted to the carresses bestowed upon fine is submitted to the carresses bestowed upon fine is submitted to the carresses bestowed upon fine is the proportion of the carresses bestowed upon fine is the proportion of the carresses bestowed upo

smelt.
Alas! Whatever Captain Leycester's previous

"Does he?" asked her companion. "In what way?"

"In every way, I should think. His friends apparently ask for nothing better than to provide him with all that he wants."

"I am not so sure that they can. Is he going to get all that he wants, I wonder?"

"Oh, I suppose so," returned the girl, rather impatiently. "Jack." she resumed, after a pause, "you are my friend, as well as his, and you have known me a good deal longer than you have known him. Would you mind telling me why you are so anxious that I should marry Captain Leycester?"

Jack, Goodwin, looked, straight, between his

Goodwin looked straight between his horse's ears and answered in a steady, level voice: "You are bound to marry somebody soon. I want you to marry a gentleman and an honest man who will make you happy. That's natural enough, isn't it?"

nose. "Go down, Topper, you wretch!" she cried, fileking him with the lash of her crop; "I thought I had broken you of that horrid trick. And where have you come from, pray?"

Topper shook himself, wagged his tail and snapped viciously at the cord which hampered his movements.

is movements.
"He seems to have come from a very wet place.

him to-morrow morning."

"If you can prove him guilty. But what evidence is there?"

"There is the cord, anyhow. Give it to me, please. It is a piece of strong twine, I see, and it has evidently been used before to the up a parcel, because there are traces of senling-wax upon it. I may be able to discover how it came into Stevens's possession."

She could talk of nothing else until the Abbey was reached, and so eager was she, on their ar-

She could talk of nothing else until the Abbey was reached, and so eager was she, on their arrival, to set investigations on foot, that she went at once to the servants' hall, leaving Jack to narrate the tale of the frustrated tragedy to Mrs. Lindsay and Captain Leycoster, whom he found drinking tea together in the library.

"I hope I am not more inhuman than another."

knock him on the head before I chucked him into the water?"

He was still occupied with these and similar vain regrets when Miss Hylton, accompanied by her dog, entered the room. She had made inquiries, she said, and believed that she had obtained a clew, but she did not seem inclined to be communicative, nor did she show any signs of displeasure with her e jest, whose presence Topper, for his part, chose to ignore. By the time that Jack Goodwin had gone off to change his clothes and Mrs. Lindsay had betaken herself elsewhere to write letters, the would-be marderer was feeling considerably reassured; so that it was all the greater shock to him to be asked point blank.

"Why did you try to kill my dog, Captain Leycester."

"Well," Jack declared, "I can't understand it at all?"

"Nor can I," said Mrs. Lindsay, with a grim look at her niece which did not aftogether bear out her assertion.

But, although Mrs. Lindsay was fully prepared to hear that a perverse young woman had refused a good offer, she was by no means prepared for the communication which was made to her in her bedroom some hours later, after she hands in dismay, "you are utterly unaccountable! Jack Goodiwn, of all people in the world!

A dull-witted nonentity whose one merit, I have always thought, was that he had sense enough to alstain from making advances to you! What can you see in him that you failed to see in Captain Leyecster?"

"Oh, a good many things," replied the girl

Almost he began to be persuaded than he looked or smolt.

Alma Whatever Captain Leycester's previous and was a better fellow that he felt it may have been, he was at that moment a very had fellow indeed—so had a fellow that he felt it necessary to act with dispatch, lest of the sworld or not the persuade the overhanging banks of the stream, which was just then swollen by recent rains and was running rapidly, he picked up a heavystone, secured it to a piece of cord which he drew from his pocket, and called the dor. Topper advanced interrogation expressed in his eyes and ears, and suffered the cord to be attached to his collar. What new form of sport was this?

In another moment he had he answer. He was defly site to he attached to his collar what new form of sport was this?

In another moment he had he answer. He was defly site to he attached to his collar with a rain a resultant splash greed the ears of the murderer, who turned and hurried away. With that depth of water and splaged of current it was unlikely that his victim's struggles would be prolonged or even visible; still, drowning is comparatively slow process, and he had no wish to linger upon the seene of his crime.

Well, there is no more cruelty involved in drowning a dog than in hunting a fox or shocking a pheasant, and Captain Leycester was vexed with himself for feeling so ashamed an remorseful as he dd. He had, to be the guilty of an act of treacher; him he can be a fail to the way and the special many than the special many than the way and the special many than the specia

### NATURE'S BAROMETERS. From Our Animal Friends.

From Our Animal Friends.

It is worth while to know that many animals and plants can tell us when a storm is approaching. You young people who are in the country, watch the horses and cattle stretch their necks and shiff the air, see the chickens huddle together, and hear the cackling of the geese and ducks, telling you as plainly as they know how that the storm clouds are not a long way off. If you are well provided with umbrellas, overshoes and mackintoshes, you might go out of doors and watch the wild birds. The seaguils will not venture out to sea. They fly inland, or they hover over the fields. The swallows and martins, as you know, fly very low when a storm is coming, skimming the water with their wings. The robin husbes his cheerful song, and

broods in a bush. Among other animals, the mole begins to dig harder than he does at other times, while the wonderful hedgehog, says a writer in "Chambers's Journal," "fortilles his cave against the coming storm with an unfailing precision which has earned for this strange little animal quite a reputation among weather prophets."

Perhaps some of our young people know how the sugar-maple trees behave before a storm. Its leaves turn actually upside down. The sliver maple also shows the white lining of its leaf. But the common chickweed, which the canary loves to feed upon, is a most reliable barometer. Not only does it close its flowers firmly in the damp air preceding a rainstorm, but it opens again if the rain is soon to cease. No boating party, mountain excursion or picnic in the woods, need be spoiled by an unexpected shower. In nany places in the country you will find numbers of pine cones. Hang one in your window, and you will learn that a pine cone closes its scales in damp weather and expands them when the air is dry. It is a hygrometer.

### FOILING INSOMNIA.

SOME SCHEMES WHICH MAY WORK WHEN OTHERS FAIL.

"I have been trying The Tribune's receipe for inducing sleep," said a business man while sitting on the plazza of a summer hotel one evening during the last week "I have also tried another recipe given in 'The Boston Transcript.' Both are good, and in a majority of cases, perhaps, either of them would prove effective. But sometimes they will fall, as I have discovered by personal experience. To meet such stubborn cases of sleeplessness I have a suggestion of my own to offer, which, when carried out in connection with either of these recipes, or, better still, both of them combined, will cure

the most aggravated case of wakefulness.

"The Tribune's method was, in brief, to treat the
brain as if it was a roll-top desk. In the majority of cases sleeplessness is due to the abnormal activ-

service it has easily to the clinical control of the properties of the control of

ton. "What for? called where? but he is coming back again?"

Miss Hylton really could not say. Captain Leyesster had gone to London, she believed, she had not inquired whether he proposed to return to their part of the world or not."

"Well," Jack declared, "I can't understand it members of the cat family, and both are gentlements of the cat family, and both are gentlements of the cat family and both are gentlements.

with this brief introduction as to their names and character it is not meet that the tale should end. The marked ability displayed by these feline contlemen is such that none can fall to be inter-

end. The marked ability displayed by these feline gentlemen is such that none can fail to be intersected.

"Chuff" and "Sven," as they are familiarly called, are the pride and especial pets of Mrs. L. D. Adam wife of the assistant city editor of "The Call" Though Mrs. Adam is not desireus of postag as an animal trainer, she has succeded in teaching her two beautiful shlack cats to do a few tricks that are perfectly wonderful.

To begin with Chuffy, the larger; his mistress will call him to her and say: "Now, Chuff, prepare for your dinner." Chuffy will immediately rear upon his haunches, lick his paws clean and smooth down his glossy fur.

A chair is then placed with its back to the table and a plate of meat cut in small pleces placed near it. After tying a napkin around his neck Chuffy is ordered to take his place at the table and eat his meal. Standing upon his haunches in the chair, the intelligent animal will lean over the back of the chair, take a piece of meat in his paw and convey it to his mouth. This is continued until the meat has disappeared.

Strangely enough, however, if the napkin is not tied around his neck prior to the meal, chuffy will at once gobbe up the meat just like any ordinary cat, and cannot be made to pick up one piece at a time with his paw.

Next, Svengali is given a chance to display his talent. A stick about three feet in length is held vertically with one end resting on the floor. At the command to show his claws "Sven" will stand on his hind feet, and, distending his claws as far as he can, reach up and get a irm clutch on the stick.

Chuffy is very jealous of this particular perfermence on the part of his chum, and never fails.

stick.
Chuffy is very jealous of this particular performance on the part of his chum, and never falls to slip up and tickle him on the hind feet. He will keep this annoyance up till "Sven" drop from the stick and climbs upon a chair for protect

### A SWIFT PROTEST. From The Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From The Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Popular regard for the comfort of dumb animals has very largely increased in the past twenty years," said a citizen who is actively interested in the work of the Humane Society. "You can't get a crowd together nowadays that will stand by and see a horse or dog abused. It wasn't so long ago that the general sentiment favored the theory that a man had a right to do what he pleased with his own. Yes, and only a limited number of generations back that theory applied to the wife as well as the other fiesh and blood chattels. But all that is forever swept away. Popular sentiment is quick to step between the cruel father and his child, the cruel husband and his wife, and the cruel master and his four-footed servants.

"I was a little amused at an example of this changed sentiment which came to my notice at the opera house last Monday evening. One of the trained ponles exhibited there was disposed to be a trifle stubborn. He obeyed slowly, or he didn't obey at all. Pretty soon his master, quite out of patience with him, cracked his whip across his sleek back. I don't really suppose it hurt the animal but a trifle, yet a score or more of sharp hisses came from the audience, and most of them from the upper gallery. It was evident that the protestors didn't approve of whip coercion. Of course it was a little thing in itself, but for all that it struck me at the time that it was pleasing evidence for the cause of general humanity."

THE AUTOCRAT.

A VILLAGE CHARACTER OFTEN OR SERVED

Lonesomehurst, August 10 In the village postoffice I waited while my bicycle In the village positioner, watter white my bicycle was in the hands of a blacksmith. It was there that the Autocrat dawned upon me. He was a tall, gray-haired man, stooped from the habit of tall, gray-haired man, stooped from the nabit of leaning down to listen to the pleas of his subjects. One of these was before the small wired window

"It ain't no use," said the Autocrat to him verely, "for you to be talkin to me that way. I don't have to give you your mail unless I wan to, anyway."

The subject in white duck trousers and with straw hat answered daringly: "I'll get my mail, or I'll know the reason why

"You'll have to be pretty spry to git mail that ain't here," the Autocrat retorted as his petitions departed. Then he looked over at me. "That talk of his don't do no good," he observed

"but that's Mr. Jackson. He always thinks, it his paper ain't here, I've got it hid somewheres. Man gits delayed, I guess."

"Of course," I responded, for one of my rules of conduct is to agree with an Autocrat.

I then approached the window with a package. "Will you please weigh this?" "Yes, yes," he answered, though he seemed an

"Yes, yes, he answered, though he seemed annoyed, and began to fumble around beneath the counter. Presently he drew forth some scales.
"Why, here's Mr. Jackson's paper!" he said. "I wonder how it got tucked in behind the scales He paused to centemplate the paper for a moment or two, and then turned to my package. "What's in here?" he asked. "Photographs." I replied "Let me see," he said aloud—"it's one cent an ounce for photographs, ain't it?"

I was forced to confess my ignorance; but the Autocrat had only inquired through courtesy, for he immediately said:

"Yes, yes; I know what it is. It's one cent for an ounce or a fraction thereof. And that reminds me I charged Miss Ball two cents too much on photo graphs last week. Well, I'll put two cents here and remember to give i to her when she comes in to-day. You've got to be pretty careful in this postoffice business; people are always ready to make complaints I agreed with him as to this common human

tendency, and expressed an opinion that a memory like his must be a valuable aid in the postomer business. Then I called his attention to my pack I handed him the pennies and turned away, "Want me to lick 'em?" he asked. "Oh, no." I answered applogetically. "I'll do ht"
"I've got 'em licked," he answered.

I thanked him and resumed my seat on the wooden bench. The Autocrat sauntered past w and out across the elm-shaded street, leaving me alone with the unclaimed United States mai Presently in came two boys. "He isn't here," said one, peering over the high desk and in behind the glass-fronted boxes.

"Oh, well, then, just run in behind and pull your mail out. That's the way we do here." Accordingly the boy ran in behind the boxes and then out again. At the door he encountered the returning Autocrat. "Here, just let me see what you've got there." said the official The boy handed him the letters

# PICKED UP IN THE RED SEA.

From The Phradelphia Record.

Ex-Sheriff Connell is authority for the statement that Captain Silas C. Warner, of Hartford, Conn., has in his possession an interesting relic of antiquity, which is of unusual historical importance, inasmuch as it is evidence of the Hibbail story of the destruction of Pharach's hosts in the Red Sa. The ex-Sheriff is an old sudor, and yesterday, relating some remuiscences of his sail water career, he told how away back in 1859, when he was 'before the mast' on the brig Margaret Evans, commanded by Captain Warner, they were crossing the Red Sa. at a point near that indicated by history as having been crossed by Moses and the hosts of Israel. A fog coming up, the anchor was dropped. When he fog cleared and an effort was made to heave anchor it stuck, and it required the entire ship's cree to raise it. Then it was discovered that one of the flukes had caught a large broade or brass wheel covered with sea rust. A good scrubbing revealed a lot of hierophyphics, with a name which looked as though it might read in English. "Exmesses." The captain took the wheel home, and ex-Sheffi Connell is of the opinion that the wheel was part of one of the chartors of Pharoah's hosts when the latter were overwhelmed by the wavers of the Red Sea. Mr. Connell denied that the wheel was anything like a roulette wheel, or that it could have belonged to "faro" Instead of Pharaoh. From The Physidelphia Record.

